

THE
MIRROR OF THE STAGE;
 OR,
New Dramatic Censor;
 CONSISTING OF
 ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS,
OBITUARIES
 ON THE
NEW PIECES AND PERFORMERS:
 ANECDOTES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,
 &c. &c. &c.

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Embellished with an elegantly engraved Portrait of
Mr. LISTON, as MAW WORM,
In "The HYPOCRITE."

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
DUNCOMBE, BOOK AND MUSIC SELLER, 19, LITTLE QUEEN
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IN THE KINGDOM.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



MR. LISTON as MAWWORM in the HYPOCRITE.

*"Stay, Stay ye Infatuated wretches, ye
Knew not what ye do —"*

Published by Duxcombe 29 Little Queen Str.^d Holborn.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B's Lines to Mrs. Chatterley are worse than we had conceived even that subject could have inspired.

We know nothing of *Quiz's* statement—Mr. *Burroughs* may or may not be the "vainest coxcomb" of the day—we think *Blanchard*, the Pantaloon, may dispute the distinction.

Rumour is thanked for his attention—we were aware that the *Surrey Manager* intends to make his Company play at *Sadler's Wells* on the same night; but we had not heard that they were to stop at the *Old Bailey* on their way.

We have not space for *Amoroso's* letter—but must assent to its argument, that Miss *Tree* is the only actress that accords with *Othello's* description—"plays, sings, and dances well."

J. R. is mistaken—we are inclined to think favorably of *Miss Love* as an actress. We have received the important information that *Mr. Julian* is indisposed—we would advise a retirement to *Guy's Hospital*.

"*A Subscriber*" will accept our acknowledgments, but we must decline his invitation to the *Coburg on Sloman's night*—he is too funny.

Hamlet must reply to the enquiries of *Israel*, why we do not visit the Royalty—

"Things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."

Original Poetry.

LINES TO MISS A. M. TREE.

"How she sings! who could deny her love?"

"Oh! I could dwell upon that tongue for ever."

Humorous Lieutenant, act 1, sc. 3.

Oh! in the sounds of harmony,
How powerful are the charms that lie,
And how thy cares dispel:
As the soft strains steal o'er the heart,
The friends of sorrow wildly start,
And quit their dreary cell.

Sweet music is the voice of love,
And grateful to the powers above,
From whom our blessings flow;
It calms the breast, it feasts the mind,
Sweet smiling peace we ever find,
While music floats below.

And oh! how blest, thrice blest are they,
Who from the cell of sadness stray,
And swell the jocund strain;
But oh! how wretched are they found,
Whom Despair's haggard throng surround,
With spleeny Discord's strain!

When Amphion touch'd (in times gone by)

The strings of his harmonic lyre,
'Tis said, the walls of Thebes rose high,
And as he touch'd kept rising higher:
And Orpheus, by persuasive strains,
Drew hills and rocks along the plains,

* * * * *

Enchanting girl! oh deign to hear
My muse invoke a friendly prayer!
May thy light bark, by gentle gales,
Be wafted o'er life's rugged sea;
May no rude winds destroy thy sails,
And plunge thee into misery!

May tides of joy flow ever clear
Around thy youthful feeling heart;
Ne'er may'st thou shed affliction's tear,
Nor feel misfortune's poison'd dart!
And if it be thy lot to wed,
May he whose breast supports thy head,
Ne'er honor's precepts disobey;
But cherish fervent truth and love,
Which years nor absence can remove,
Bright as the light of morning's ray.

Mary-le-bone.

HAMLET.

THE Mirror of the Stage;

OR,

NEW DRAMATIC CENSOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

No. 15.] MONDAY, MAR. 8, 1824. [Vol. IV.

MR. LISTON.

IN an early number of our work, we have given a portrait and a memoir of this celebrated actor. But the great degree of popularity which has attached itself to the *Hypocrite*, since it reflected (*veluti in speculum*) the sublime countenance of Royalty (there is an old drama of Charles the First which we should have been sorry to see raked up as an offering to the gracious guest) that we are induced to embellish our present number with a likeness of Mr. LISTON in the character of *Mauworm*. Indeed, the comedy owes much of its reputation this season to the excellence of his acting; Mr. L. may fairly dispute the palm with the spontaneous laughter of majesty.

So much has been said at all times in eulogy of LISTON, so much has our language sunk under the exercise of his praise, as erst under the conceptions of Milton, that we may well say, with the son of Philip, that we have nothing left us to conquer, and invoke a new world to our energy. Mr. L. has been eminently fortunate—it has been his fate in a frequent concussion with criticism, to avoid its fangs, and he has all the merit of passing through the fire without being scorched. We never heard any one say, "LISTON was not in spirits."

He is always the same, yet like theameleon, always varying from the effect of awakening accident. LISTON is, of all actors, the philosopher of comedy, (*uncurve the lip, if you please*—and repress the petulance "absurd.") LISTON's acting is *philosophy*, and we think the wisest in the world. How unconsciously does he emerge from the wing, and "fiddle while Rome is burning," with that quiet repose upon his features, which is the very antidote to exertion, and is to be regarded as the sleep of the tyger; for LISTON makes his spring, and it is in vain to parley—*you must laugh*. We regard the genius of LISTON, as that of a man conversant in all the barrenness of our nature—a sharer in the annoyances of the day—an enthusiast in the sympathies of mortality.—We see this man impressed with his powers, and smiling at prejudice, coming forward as the mental surgeon to our wound, ministering to the "mind diseased," the peculiar herbs of his sun-partaking soil, and razing out "the written troubles of the brain" with his spirit-sharpened pen-knife. We behold this man triumphant in his operations—avowedly the Sir Astley Cooper of his profession, giving back social warmth for frigidity, and cheerfulness for dejection.

tion. LISTON is a philosopher :— he knows that we must laugh, and he feels his own qualifications—he plays to the senses, as the priest talks to the soul—he has his courier for every direction, and we are convinced it is very stupid to be melancholy, because we cannot resist the impulse he has engendered.

LISTON's originality may be said, in a great measure, to consist in the singularly eccentric expression of his face, and the entire mastery he possesses over it: but this, though an exquisite agent, is not, perhaps, the only peculiarity in his style of acting. There is a palpability in the exertions of other actors to provoke mirth—you perceive their aim and promote it by voluntarily catching at the awakening barb. But in LISTON it is not so, his whole effort seems to be not to excite laughter, and when, by some unconsciousness, he has called it forth, wandering a moment from the scene, he looks round in utter astonishment at the result, and perchance muttering his wonderment to himself, or revealing it by a side-long glance at some particular part of the house. There may appear "something too much of this," on repetition; but the admirable capability of the artist, though he presents the same picture, will throw in so many opposing shade and qualities, that it must be a nice eye to discriminate, and the sameness is dissipated.

The *Mauworm* of Mr. LISTON is one of the finest caricatures on the stage: even the critical accuracy of a refined and court-filtered monarch, was not proof against the accented prodigality of the painter. His *Tony Lumpkin* is a rich piece of stupidity and uncivilized cunning—we wish *Goldsmith* was alive to see it—the original *Tony*, Mr. QUICK, is still in "this breathing world,"—it must afford him some reminiscence of what he has himself done in the "olden time." *Lubin Loy*, the *Dominie*, *Nicol Jarvie*, &c. are all tinged, more or less, with his peculiarity and his excellence; and other parts, in which perhaps another performer or two may be equally

good, have received the distinct impress of his uncontrollable prerogative—for what he does, he contrives to associate with himself. His *Tristram Sappy*, in "*Deaf as a Post*," is exceedingly comic—the apparent nonchalance with which he fumbles in his pockets, and his decision in adhering to the "seven shillings a-heads," form a rich page in his calendar of claims upon our senses.

Upon reference to the foregoing, we find that this critical lavation has not left a single stain upon its subject—we have actually cut the "pound of flesh," without spilling "one drop of blood." We will, however, endeavour, for the sake of our own peevishness, and that of our readers, (if their "milk of human kindness" should turn sour) to note down a few of those indecent imperfections which will intrude their faulty features at all times, and in all places.

A long five minutes had passed away, and we had made but little progress in our collection of errors, when suddenly, as we had written down upon our list "consummate impudence," "buffoonery," the countenance of LISTON grew in imagination before us, and expanded upon our sheet of paper, we burst into laughter and throw down the pen—we must reserve the catalogue for some other period of our dramatic history.

b.

MINOR-IES, No. 8.

MR. STANLEY.

"Dread THING! Men shiver when thou'r't named." BLAIR.

This gentleman is another of the Coburg retailers of "mouth filling oaths," and "deeds without a name." We have not taken any trouble to enquire this gentleman's lineage; so that stars shine, why should we ask whence their brilliancy. Mr. STANLEY is that kind of actor made to order of rapacious romance-swallowing appetites. Nature having formed a wicker outside,

filled it up with froth, which ever and anon keeps oozing out, *sans* time, *sans* taste, *sans* any thing. There is not a gentleman on the minor boards, who has more successfully attained the strut of chanticleer, or the pompous tread of a peacock displaying his broad tail of beauty to the sun, than has Mr. S. when his author, which is generally the case, (for Mr. MILNER is a great friend to the linen-draper and haberdashers,) adds one to his part. His voice sounds like a high wind playing at whoop in a field of reeds, his elongation of jaw more than enough to convince his audience that something *really good* is coming; and his judgment, that to keep the loudest exclamation for the last syllable. And we particularly remember this gentleman in the *Vathek*; it was a beautiful display; the *Brutus* of 1823—4, so happily contrasted with the robe and scymitar of the ambitious and haughty vizier—Half Mr. STANLEY's body was in the last two or three centuries, but his head was with the present—certainly the *worst* share came to us. If it is asked why we confound these things with a man's acting, we answer because one smacks of the other, and the want of judgment in the trapping of the outward man finds generally a corresponding *emptiness* within: there is no irregularity in this point with Mr. STANLEY; he is the very man for the romance-loving chimney-sweeps of the Coburg *paradis*. We have in our "salad days" seen many an infant Mr. STANLEY, at the pig and whistle—eight o'clock—emancipated wights who have been the very soul of the evening—the "be all and the end all." Mr. S. is the very pinmaker's apprentice come to maturity, and the back smoking parlour exchanged for the Coburg boards; receiving all the loud huzzas for romantic bursts from a theatre, which he experienced at the conclusive draught of porter, consecrated by the toast of national independence. Lady Morgan says, youthful genius is always patriotic. Of Mr. STANLEY's light

comedy we may exclaim with Romeo
"HEAVY lightness! SERIOUS vanity!"

α.

Mr. ELLIOTT of the Adelphi in our next.

Literary Review.

NATIVE LAND,

An Opera in three Acts, by W. DIMOND. Kirby, *Warwick-lane*, 1824.

Man is the most unaccountable and ungrateful animal in the creation: give him credit for the qualities he does possess, and he'll immediately lay claim to those he *does not*, intoxicated with vanity—

He fain would tread on air,
And, with ambition mad, brave e'en the Omnipotent;

But like dirty water, although the engine's power gives it a temporary elevation above its more humble partner, *the puddle*, down it comes again upon the instant, and, instead of benefiting by its rise, gets little else than an increase to its filth:—so is it with the author of this Opera, having discovered, through the medium of "some d——d good-natured friend," that a respectable weekly print, the *Literary Chronicle*, had praised the poetry of his songs, instead of being grateful for the distinction, he turns round and belabours the Editor, because he says "this circumstance deserves to be recorded on account of its *singularity*."

"The author of *Cortes*," adds Mr. DIMOND, by way of a clench-er, "the very Opera which immediately preceded mine, in date of production, at the same theatre, presented the public, throughout the musical situations of his drama, with a series of *beautiful* little poems, conceived in the *purest taste*, and ornamented by *every touching grace*, of appropriate dic-

tion!" Aye, faith, did they so?—pray Mr. D. in what school did you acquire such *refined taste*, and the art of discovering that which all the rest of mankind are blind to? The philosophers' stone is nothing to this. Pry'thee Mr. Planché, if the cold weather will not affect your well-shaven crown, pull off your hat to so extraordinary a compliment, and remember in your next preface, to *put it on thick* to the author of "*Native Land*" in return.

We have every respect for the talents of our coteremporaries, and a high opinion of the taste of the editor of the print above-mentioned; but really we have read the opera of "*Native Land*" attentively, and cannot discover those extraordinary specimens of poetic beauty so eulogized. Take a sample, gentle reader, and judge if the panegyric is merited. We quote the first that meets our eye—

Cavatina. Aurelio.
Farewell! thou coast of glory,
Where dwell'd my sires of yore,
Their names, their martial story,
Your trophied tombs restore.

Romance.
I had a sister, where is she?
She feigned my second self to be:
Can misery ties of blood dis sever?
A captive brother calls for aid,
She hears him not; forgetful maid,
Ah! no, she hears not,—never! never!
No! no! no! never!

Here's poetry—"She feigned my second self to be," put on his *unmentionables*. We presume really it was very ungrateful to forget such a favor.

The maid I loved; ah! bless her, Heaven:
Her broken vows are all forgiven.
Despair like mine be *her* lot never.
Clymante's name just once he spoke,
Then one deep sigh—his heart-strings
broke,
Yes, lady, yes, they *broke for ever!*
Yes, yes, for ever!

what a valuable piece of infor-

mation to the College of Surgeons, the heart strings can only break once, and then cannot be mended. Melancholy conclusion!

But enough of this—We could go on to the end of the Opera, and have little else to do than quote *such beauties*, which are as thickly studded as the stars in Heaven. "For the prose of an opera," says Mr. DIMOND, "it should be unambitiously colloquial, yet raised above positive meanness: it should unfold whatever fable there may be intelligibly, and come to the point with as much conciseness as possible." Undoubtedly it should, and we pin our opinion to your confession of operatic faith, most erudite dramatist! but is it so with "*Native Land*?" take the scene between Zanina, Lavinia and Guiseppo, 2nd of Act 2. Is this the sort of *conciseness* meant in your dramatic dialogue?

We apprehend delicacy too should not be wholly forgotten in a comic opera. We will not go the length to assert that it is wholly lost sight of in the scenes between *Peregrino* and his wife; but the *double entendres* are frequently of the broadest nature. This is a moral age, and ladies can bear to hear that without a blush in a theatre which if used in still life would subject the offender to a kicking.

For the greater portion of the incidents, the author is unquestionably indebted to an opera produced in the year 1777, called "*The Strangers at Home*," written by COBB, we will not, say it is a direct plagiarism; but the plot is very similar, and the disguise of *Calio* in "*Native Land*," and *Rosa* in the other, are precisely the same. *Guiseppo* is a modernized *Aldroband*, and *Clymante* and *Aurelio* are the counterparts of *Laura* and *Regnulto*; nor is the contrast

very violent between the servants of the old and new opera.

From this hasty sketch we trust we have proved, that the literary claims of "*Native Land*" are not (spite of the author's vanity) of that high and commanding character which fame has prematurely

created for it; that had it not been for the taste with which the Italian music is selected,—the merit of the original airs, and the excellent way in which it is performed, it never would have been played a second time.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY LANE.

February 16th, *Richard III.* Lodoiska.—17th, *Lodoiska*, Simpson and Co. *Cataract*.—18th, *Hypocrite*, Ballet, *Spoil'd Child*.—19th, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Lodoiska.—20th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Monsieur Tonson*.—21st, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Lodoiska.—23rd, *Hamlet*, *Cataract*.—24th, Lodoiska, *Rumfustian Innamorato*, or the Court of Quodlibert, *Cataract*.—25th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Ballet, *Rumfustian*.—26th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Rumfustian*.—27th, *Merry Wives*, Lodoiska.—28th, *Merry Wives*, Lodoiska.—March 1st, *Richard II.* *Invisible Girl*, *Highland Reel*.—2nd *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Cataract*.—4th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Lodoiska.—6th, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Cataract*.

LODOISKA.

In obedience to the received principle at this house, this grand musical romance has been revived, with how much profit we know not, but its attraction seems to be of no long date, as "*Tekeli*" is announced as forthcoming. These things, like the issue of Banquo, "come like shadows, so depart," and we see no difference in their features,—yet we hope Mr. ELLISTON will have some little regard for humanity, and not bring back, "unsuffocated," that long line of sleeping shades which, like dogs, "have had their day,"—if so, we must hail "*Lodoiska*" as the "eighth" shadow that "bears in its hand a glass, which shews us many more," with "two-fold balls and treble sceptres,"—"horrible sight," indeed! We must entreat Mr. E. to draw upon his fund of living genius. The author of the "*Cataract*" is still alive, and we cannot doubt his qualification to produce "another—and another," stupid as they may be.

"*Lodoiska*" is conceived in the true spirit of melo-dramatic principle:—there are a castle, and an imprisoned damsel, a pair of lovers, one good one evil, a happy distinction:—then there are a generous Tartar chief, quite civilized; and a troop of horses that prance to the tune of "we are the boys that fear no noise," then a few songs are sprinkled over the piece, which declines in a battle, and concludes in a conflagration. If this is not quite *Moncrieff*-ical, we would ask, what is? but we have seen it before. WALLACK is the very soul of melo-drame, and *Kera Khan* is in his best style. HORN, as *Count Floreski*, executed a song or two with some effect; and Mr. ARCHER, as *Baron Lovinski*, mouthed and strutted alternately. FITZWILLIAM played *Varbel*, but he is rusty with long disuse. Miss POVEY sang pleasingly. The combats were skilfully arranged, and the horses evinced all possible sensibility. The piece has since been repeated, with no great success.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

We believe it was that extraordinary and consistent genius, Cobbett, who asserted that our admiration of Shakspeare resulted rather from national prejudice than any well-confirmed opinion of his merit as a poet. This absurd doctrine excited as it deserved nought but ridicule; but verily experience, (dramatic of course we mean) has proved, that however the generality of our countrymen may feel convinced nothing but the pieces of our great bard are necessary to complete a Theatrical Banquet; yet, the managers of "both of your houses"—sensible souls! think very differently. Who would have supposed, some forty years ago, that the laughter-creating, tun-bellied, jolly old Falstaff, that compound of whim, sack and lechery, would need the support of song and harmony to render him palatable to to English stomachs. "Go thy ways, old Jack," if taste, good taste, be not forgotten, then art "thou a soused gurnet." Truly we are becoming a musical nation at a very dear cost,—little also in good truth, but exchanging our honest shopkeeping understandings for a villainous amalgamation of flats and sharps.

He that hath not music in his soul, says poor old ignorant Shakspeare, is fit for all sorts of evil deeds. Now, be it understood, we are no such fellows:—and have souls to be moved by silvery sweets, and admire as much as any man your quiveranties and squalanties, "as Acres calls them," but we see no reason for lugging them in on all occasions, especially too where the sweet numbers of Avon's swan are concerned. But since it is our duty to speak of "an action which cannot be recalled," we shall to our task, grumbling to be sure, but still faithfully.

So those who are acquainted

(and who is not) with the rich varieties of wit, character, and exquisite humour in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," may form an idea how the introduction of songs and duettos, are likely to improve the interests of its representation. Fancy to yourself, gentle reader, if you have not seen it, the arch and perplexing rogueries of Mrs. PAGE and her frolicksome neighbour upon amorous "old Jack," interrupted every ten minutes by warblings, however pleasing. Imagine if ye can, characters which, in the good old times were wont to be sustained by actresses of first-rate comic talents, in the hands of Misses STEPHENS and CUBITT, and to complete the absurdity of the contrast, the accepted lover of "sweet Ann Page," personated by BRAHAM. First give a glance *en passant* at these improvements, and then judge of their effect on us.

It would be in vain now to reason against these monstrous absurdities. The public, God bless their judgment, have approved the amendments, and the managers act with policy, if not wisdom, in endeavouring to cater for such taste.

With the exception of a pretty ballad, supposed to be written by MARLOW, the songs, &c. are wholly taken from Shakspeare. This is as it should be. No mixing up of a modern nonsense with the divine inspirations of his music. Some of the airs are prettily harmonised, particularly the ballad alluded to, "My true love is parted from me," which was exquisitely sung, unaccompanied, by BRAHAM. "Love like a shadow flies," a duet, with Miss POVEY, and "Even as the sun," by Miss STEPHENS. These are very pleasing airs, and were beautifully executed by the respective performers.

DOWTON's *Falstaff* is decidedly the best which has been for

some years;—though his humour was sometimes too broad, and he frequently exaggerated by his manner, instead of softening the warm nature of the dialogue; yet it was as finished a performance as we ever witnessed: he met, as far as scenic representations can do, all our ideas of the jolly old knight. His courting the two matrons was an exquisite piece of humor;—the scene with *Ford*, when disguised as *Master Brooke*, was given with great ability. His self-contented chuckle on examining the goodly proportions of his person; the description of his tortures in the buckbasket, midst foul linen and ill-concealed fright, and lastly his hesitation and ultimate consent to put on the horns, were all in the highest degree laughable and diverting. His performance of this character has greatly added to his acknowledged fame. *WALLACK'S Ford* was sensible and effective—he displays less of melo-dramatic trick than he used to do, and he may be assured it will ultimately be for his advantage. *GATTIE'S Doctor Caius* is particularly good. *BROWN'S Sir Hugh Evans*, is a complete failure: his dialect is a combination of untuneful guttrals, and any thing but Welsh.—*OXBERRY'S Shallow*, and *HARLEY'S Master Slender*, were in true keeping with their poetic outlines. If there was a fault in the latter, it is that the humour was too buoyant.

Miss *STEPHENS*, in *Mrs. Ford*, was very pleasing; but it is a part which her powers of acting cannot reach. Miss *CUBITT'S* performance claims compassion on account of the suddenness of its assumption. Miss *POVEY*, in *Ann Page*, was lovely and interesting, and sang with great sweetness. *SHERWIN* gave “mine host of the garter,” great point and humor, he evidently enjoyed the mischief of promoting the duel between *Caius* and

the Welshman, which, by the bye, was very comic.

The revival was received by a crowded house with every demonstration of approval, and without a dissenting voice.

HAMLET.

By desire this Tragedy was played on Monday night—the anticipated presence of the Duke of Gloucester was the circumstance, we presume, which gave rise to the pompous announcement and pictorial embellishment of the bills of the day. His R. H. was received, as far as regards the audience, with the most democratic indifference!—alas! poor royalty! *tempora mutantur.*

“No more the greasy throng will strain their lungs,
To greet thine ears with expectant shouts,
No more “God save the King” in liquid strains,
Exact the penance of a “graceful bow.”

KEAN'S Hamlet was as vivid and as careless as ever, always displaying genius of the highest order, but marred from want of study:—like a brilliant gem badly set, it excited equally our admiration and regret. *TERRY*, who was announced for *Polonius*, was apologized for by *MERCER*, and *DOWTON* played the part most ably,—*Madame VESTRIS' Ophelia* was a pleasing and effective piece of acting.

RUMFUSTIAN INAMORATO.

A silly burlesque piece in one act, under the above title, was played for a few evenings, but so contemptible were its pretensions, and so decided the opposition of the more respectable portion of the audience to such tissue of vulgarity and nonsense, that it was quickly and properly withdrawn—we only notice it to express our surprise at its production, and to regret that good acting was thrown away upon such a foolish affair.

COVENT GARDEN.

February 16th, *Romeo and Juliet*, Pantomime.—17th, *Native Land, Poachers*.—18th, *Native Land, Pantomime*.—19th, *Native Land, Poachers*.—20th, *Much ado about Nothing, Irish Tutor, Pantomime*.—21st, *Native Land, Poachers*.—23rd, *Hamlet, Pantomime*.—24th, *Native Land, Poachers*.—25th, *John Bull, Pantomime*.—26th, *Native Land, Poachers*.—27th, *Native Land, Pantomime*.—28th, *Native Land, Miller and his Men*.—March 1st, *Romeo and Juliet, Pantomime*.—2nd, *Maid Marian, Poachers*.—4th, *Native Land, Forest of Bondy*.—5th, *Native Land, Irish Tutor, Simpson & Co.*

ROMEO AND JULIET

Has been played; and again affords us matter of surprise and disappointment, at the manner of Miss KELLY's *Juliet*; which sometimes she endows with a feeling truly beautiful, and at others, the sentimental insipidity of a parlour boarder at Knightsbridge. Her first scene is well marked, and the gradual developement with the full burst of love is equally good; but when she excites admiration of the feelings by an heroic and beautiful appeal to them, before their tribute can be paid, she breaks the charm by a concluding whine painful and disappointing. It is as though we heard a passage of one of Moore's passionate mortal-loving angels, taken up and finished at the last line by a pettish and querulous school-boy. With Miss KELLY there are two *Juliets* in every speech—one Shakspeare's, and the other a lachrymal companion from the Minerva press. Surely this error could be amended—Charles KEMBLE must have his faculties as well as any one of the audience—were it the natural misfortune of a stutter or lisp, the cause might be hopeless; but it is merely guarding against the full burst of early passion subsiding into whimpering and *naïserie*. It may be said of Miss KELLY as *Hamlet* says of the pipe, the care is but trifling, and she "will discourse most excellent music," thus the stage will gain an actress; if left unamended, she will present an unfortunate example of genius

mis-instructed, and be ultimately forgotten. Mrs. DAVENPORT's Nurse is the prattling scheming gossip of SHAKSPEARE—her sage and disinterested advice for *Juliet's* marriage with *Paris*, may be coupled both as to manner and twaddle with many powerful politicians of real life. C. KEMBLE's *Romeo* is most unfeeling and inconstant, inasmuch as we think he'll live and wish himself "a glove," whilst twenty of his *Juliets* are gathered together in the tomb of the Capulets. We like JONES in *Mercutio*, he always brings with him the air of an old acquaintance—it would be impossible to think JONES a stranger did we meet him in the street; we verily believe we should begin to take off our glove. His description of "*Queen Mab*" appeared to catch genius and fancy from the subject it treated of. The Nurse says *Paris* is "a man of wax," certainly, the sobriety of Mr. MASON's movements was a great evidence of such fragility of composition, and when the Nurse called him "a flower! a very flower!" we thought of a poppy. MEADOWS, as the *Apothecary*, did not sell us so much physic as EGERTON in *Capulet*—we begin to think EGERTON an opium-eater. N.B. Any nurse troubled with a squalling child may have instant relief by bringing her charge into Covent Garden pit on any night of Mr. E's performance. CHAPMAN, as the *Friar*, was more than respectable, and BAKER, as *Benvolio*, as tall as ever.

NATIVE LAND.

The success of the new opera at this house, has precluded the production of any further novelty, and "*Native Land*," with the "*Poachers*," have been, with one or two exceptions, the only offerings at the shrine of public entertainment. The first of these is an interesting piece enough, and the music is by no means the least part of its attraction. SINCLAIR and Miss PATON infuse their whole power into the piece, and would make a duller composition effective. Then if we add the delicacy of Miss TREE, coming like a half-laughing, half-melancholy spirit upon us, and the quite innocent in-delicacy of FARREN and Miss LOVE, no wonder that the opera maintains its influence upon very good houses. The "*Poachers*," we must confess, on a second introduction, startled us; for there are some things which surprize us more as we become more acquainted with their meaning. If the tendency of this farce is not only endured, but relished, we can see no cause why the comedies of our old writers should not be re-produced upon the stage—if we partake their obscenity, let us at least have it seasoned by their wit. Of all things, we detest that *cant*, which, as *Byron* has said, is the crying sin of the age; but there is a distinct line, which no man of good feeling could wish to see transgressed. We think, however, the author of the "*Poachers*" has not been circumscribed by it.

BARTLEY has played *Friar Tuck* in the (so called) opera of "*Maid Marian*," on account of C. KEMBLE's illness—it was very humorous, certainly rather noisy—but BARTLEY lives in a thunder-storm. COOPER has played *Romeo*,—we like COOPER, but we wish he was not so melancholy—he

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always acts as if a dun were waiting at the stage-door.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MORDAUNT's annual Benefit took place here on Wednesday se'nnight the performances selected were the *Castle Spectre*, *Three Weeks after Marriage*, and *Intrigue*. The pleasing remembrance of a recent performance at the Berwick-Street, Private Theatre, induced us to visit the theatre, on this evening, and our chief motive was the announcement of Miss MORDAUNT, stated to be only eleven years of age, in the part of *Angela*! Though we are not over partial to see nursery *Hamlets* and *Richards in go-carts*, yet it is all times pleasing, to witness early indications of genius in any art, setting aside the propriety of hearing the ardent language of affection, made to a mere child, and the consequent disunion of association to the mind's eye, we shall speak our feelings, without being critically scrupulous as to the cause of our pleasure.

Miss MORDAUNT, though so youthful, evidently possesses judgment sufficient to comprehend her author, and personal requisites to give effect to those powers which nature has bestowed on her; but it would be idle to talk of her acting as proficient, or to examine it by the usual tests. As a child she not only astonishes, but pleases, from the conviction that she approaches as nearly to the highest finish of art, or nature if ye will, as her capabilities will admit of. If she is well taught, not spoiled by injudicious praise, and applies herself closely to study, we augur at no distant period, preeminent success in the profession her friends have chosen for her.

Mr. FORDE's performance of *Osmond*, though of a mixed charac-

G

ter, was, as a whole, most effective: he read the part extremely well, and occasionally declaimed with well tempered energy, but an unfortunate habit of drawling out his words, at first greatly diminished the merit of his acting: as the play proceeded, he warmed into feeling, and performed with judgment. The *Dream* scene was given with good taste, and deservedly applauded. *Hassan* was played by a person who evidently was intimate with stage business, but the good speeches with which the part abounds, lost their effect, by the want of sufficient spirit in their delivery. *Percy* spoke and looked rather like a tea-table dangler, than a haughty "baron bold."

Motley and *Father Philip* should have changed characters, had the one assumed the *Cowl*, and the other the *Cup and Bells*, both would have been tolerable.

In "*Three Weeks after Marriage*" the *Lady Racket* had at least the appearance and demeanor of a lady, but her voice wanted compass to fill so large a theatre. In place of elegance, vivacity and gentlemanly exterior in her fashionable partner, she had to contend against the absence of them all, and in their place presumption without merit, and impudence without a redeeming quality.

Some imitations were given by a youth, amongst which, the only ones worthy of notice, were *HARLEY*, *MATHEWS*, and *Mr. ALEXANDRE*,

'*Intrigue*' was well played, and the house was fashionably, though thinly attended.

March, 5. *Mr. BARTLEY* commenced his *Astronomical Lecture on Ouranologia*, and the *Structure of the Universe*, this evening, to a fashionable audience. The extreme lateness of the time precludes the possibility of a lengthened notice,

which we must reserve for our next. Of *Mr. BARTLEY*, we should observe, that his elocution is powerful and distinct, and his *Lecture* possesses all that condensation and brevity, which are so essential to the elucidation of its subject.

SURREY THEATRE.

If any thing was wanting to give full measure to that state of degeneracy which hangs round most of the minor theatres, it has been promptly and abundantly furnished by the manager of this house, in the engagement of *Langan*, the pugilist. We will admit that the frequent claims upon the treasury, must be met by some counteracting charm! and that managers are influenced to take the shortest path to profit and success; still there is one, more conducive to the advancement of their object, which may be gained by a timely intrepidity. The frequenters of minor theatres comprize a class of persons, who seldom, or never go beyond them; a second visit, will introduce you to the same audience assembled at the first—they sit down to the show, without enquiring whether *Cæsar* or *Pompey* be its subject—they laugh, shout, and return again on the next announcement of a new piece; yet they have certain tastes, which, managers say, must be indulged. But if these caterers for public entertainment would vary their bill of fare, and present something less "ungracious to the taste", they would perceive their guests crowding to their board, after a temporary abstinence, notwithstanding that *rational* enjoyment, which they so much despise: and the support of numbers would be given to the change, whose nerves are unequal to the "note of dreadful preparation."

A new piece was produced here on Thursday, the 26th ult., called the *Calabrian Assassin*; It has some lively interest and situation, and is respectably supported. H. KEMBLE, BUCKINGHAM, GALLOT, and Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, contributed their efforts to its success. AULD, as the ruffian, annoyed us terribly—"would he were father.") BUCKSTONE, as the bustling country lad, pleased us, there is a sharpness about his acting, and a quaintness of humour, which will lead him to better things, he has studied in a good school.

The second act of the melodrama founded on the novel of Sir W. Scott, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, has been performed here, for the purpose, we presume, of affording BUCKINGHAM an appearance as *Trapbois*. We remember the piece as it was first produced, and could wish to see a revival of it. We know there are many who smile at the word *genius*, applied to a minor theatre; *tact*, ("that modern phrase,") is the term; yet the acting of BUCKINGHAM as the old usurer, may compete with some of the best efforts of the day! it embodies the minutest action which the author's imagination could suggest; and if exercised in its proper sphere, must have awakened an unusual degree of interest.

A pantomime followed, in which BLANCHARD appeared as *Pantaloön*. It is curious to observe the distinction which prevails in his reception here, and on the Drury-lane stage; he, who was there unrecognized, save in his absurdity, is now his very ambition personified; and the frog actually swells into the vast creature of its envy.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. WATKINS BURROUGHS has been displaying his wardrobe in

Joconde, &c. By the bye, Mr. HEMMINGS, who plays a fellow *bon-vivant* with Mr. W. B. is rather scurvily used by the menagers, inasmuch as they make his person thrust into a dirty, whity-brown suit; a foil to the ineffable glories of the scarlet jacket worn by Mr. BURROUGHS.—We like BURROUGHS, for we think him a man of talent in his way; he possesses that undaunted front, and levelling swagger to outbrazen and knock-down worthier candidates, scrambling up fame's slippery mount. There is not an actor on the minor boards, who dresses his hair, opens his mouth, and leers his eye, with greater danger to the heart of an unsuspecting shopkeeper's daughter, or eight o'clock released milliner, than Mr. W. B. This gentleman might pass very well, were there less said about him; but minor managers strive to make him as popular as Warren's chalk-advertized blacking, or the never to be forgotten Bonassus. We think, however, that like these foregoing commodities, this gentleman's notoriety is on the decline, if we may judge by the appearance of the pit seats, since his engagement.

Nothing particular has occurred here since our last. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has taken her benefit, which proved tolerable successful.

"*The Two Gregories*" has been ingeniously mutilated; the only novelty was BURROUGHS in red plush breeches, and VINING to speak in *Mr. Gregory*.

Joconde is made rather agreeable by WEST, who is, without exception, in a certain line, the best actor on the minor boards. Little LANCASTER is more than amusing.

There is a gentleman,—he must be a genius for all men of superior talent despise the coxcomby of unmudded trowsers, naked hands,

and half-washed face, who sings "The Origin of Gunpowder;" Jolly Dick the Lumplighter would have been more in character, and we should think by the vocalist's appearance, quite professional.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

As the Season at this theatre approaches to its termination, the manager is very wisely reviving its old and established favourite pieces and borrowing, occasionally from T. DIBDIN's well filled store. The *Heart of Mid Lothian*, *Tereza Tomkins*, and *Waggeries at Wapping*, have been played alternately, to good houses; in the former Mrs WAYLETT's *Madge Wildfire* was the only thing worth recollecting; the drollery of J. REEVE keeps the house in continued laughter during the performance of *Tereza Tomkins*. Mrs. BAKER's acting generally does not please us; her manner is too negligent, and at the same time approaches to rudeness; if she considers it worth her while to remain upon a minor stage, she should at least assume a more becoming deportment, and not by her carelessness or something worse, induce the audience to believe she despises their opinion, and cares little for their praise.

THEATRE OF VARIETY, CATHERINE STREET.

This little theatre is certainly not deficient in exertion, three of four new pieces in one week are so many existing proofs of what may result from unwearied industry. The performances have been, for the most part, well attended, and the company has been strengthened by the assistance of several old servants of the public. An interesting piece, which was played some

since at the Coburg, under the title of *Scenes in London*, is supported by the exertions of Mr. I. H. AMHERST (the author). Mr. CARTLITCH, Miss MARINUS, &c. and a Mr. CHAPMAN contributed greatly to the success of the little interlude which followed. We have not space now to notice the many productions that have appeared, but we will, if possible, take another occasion to report their endeavours for public patronage.

We had omitted to include Mrs. PURVIS among the claimants of our notice. We think, were she to sing unaccompanied, it would be an improvement; as the music by no means aided her songs, which were executed with much taste.

In consequence of the performance of the *Dog of Montargis*, the Lord Chamberlain has stopped their licence, and it has, we understand, been renewed only on condition of performing Ballets and Singing.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

————— the early grave
Which men weep over, may be meant to save.

Byron.

A twelvemonth has passed away since the world closed upon him for ever—a year has rolled by, mingling with the chaos of past ages, since I saw him in the embrace of death—a mere skin-clothed, breathless, sightless skeleton, with not a trace of what he was, when in the revelry of his heart, he dashed amidst the creatures of gaiety and profusion, heedless of every thing, while the nobility of his spirit had the ascendancy in the struggle of pleasure. What dreamed he of the earthquake, when his youth's palace was rising in the sun? and when his free bark was floating and dancing on the surface of its

stream? What thought he of its depths and its dangers?—was it wisdom or folly to reject an age of the darkness of life, for an hour of its light? It is nevertheless painful to witness the decline of that hour—though life be madness and misery, it is terrible to see the expansion of mind, and the buoyancy and sincerity of spirit, sink in the newness and the purity of their being from their cloud-like habitation, and return no more—crushed, buried, in all the pride and promise of resolution, and energy, and hope. We cannot gaze upon the young tree shivered by lightning, without a wandering of the brain, and a depression of the sense, and a fearful glancing towards the world which we inhabit, and of which we are a portion; but when we stand above the poor, shrouded, shrunk, mouldering clay which once moved a noble and a happy figure among the existing shadows of the earth, there is not one, I think, capable of shedding a single tear for the doom of humanity, but would gladly exchange the trappings and the power of his state, for the aspect and the nothingness of the grave, the diadem for the fetter, the living for the lifeless.

I feel now as if standing at his grave, as if pressing down the rotting earth which is so soon to cover him, and mingle with his dust. I look down upon that which encloses all that is left of him, as it is lowered into its resting-place, and endeavour to trace the inscription which is at once a record and an adornment.—Some earth is scattered over it, and in the gloom of the spot, and perchance for some other cause which my own feelings can best explain, I cannot trace the name which distinguished him in life; yet there is one portion of the brief register which I discern with a shrinking, startled gaze, as if it had given to my heart new tidings of wretchedness. It is the part which records the length of that life, in the midst of which we are in death. The date is twenty-one years—this is the poor sum of his transient existence, and I whisper to my soul the knowledge which

it had so often and so deeply dwelt on before, but never with that strange feeling of weariness and humiliation.

The measured step, the smooth, lordly voice, and the cold and unholy aspect of the minister of mercy, are still present to me. I remember well the quick, business-like manner in which that man profaned the beautiful prayers which his lips uttered, insulting the dead, and the heaven which he claims as his. I remember well the earthly dignity, the pride and indifference of heart, which penetrated through the assumption of a studied solemnity, (if it might be called so) and the dazzling whiteness of a robe, which vied with the angel-garb of meekness and fidelity. I cannot forget how that most high and sacred office was forgotten and degraded; and how little difference there is between him who makes a trade of religion, and him who rejects it as a mockery.

A long, cold, melancholy year has gone by since I thus put on the external show of sorrow; but in this time my heart has not ceased to feel what it felt then. I have never thought of my friend's death without that feeling on my brain which the world pronounces weakness—Alas! in a few months we see many changes—I have felt, and suffered from all—I cannot plunge, as I have plunged, into laughter and madness: that weary bitterness of thought, which has neither remorse nor hope attendant upon it, is the genius of my coming destinies. The sharer of some of my gayest, and perhaps after all my wisest hours, has been rendered back to the dust, as a banquet for the worms; but what are those consumers of our flesh, to the life-worms which eat into the spirit, which increase with every moment of time, and creep over our existence, feasting, and clinging to the brain, poisoning its purest sense.

There are few that retain his image in their hearts: of all with whom he dwelt in the circle of giddy transport; of all whom he enlivened by his mirth, or ennobled by his friendship, but one

or two remember who he was, or think on what he is; and these scarcely pause for a brief moment, to heave a sigh to his memory, ere they pass on to happier themes. By such it is best to be forgotten. Senseless as ye are, proceed in your mad career! He who has passed from your unthinking revelries, was not sullied by your meanness, nor contaminated by the pollution of your touch; but came, like the men of old, from the

blazing furnace, unsinged by the degradation. He was, notwithstanding, its victim; the charity and affections of his heart rose superior to the peril; but its vitality hung by a thread, whose happy frailty, after a slight struggle, set free one of the purest and most amiable spirits that ever traversed this world of sin and hypocrisy.

S. L. B.

Theatrical Chit Chat.

DAVY, THE COMPOSER.—On Saturday afternoon, the 21st inst. died, in May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, Mr. **JOHN DAVY**. His talents as a musical composer will be long remembered for their combination of sound, science, and simple melody. *Just like Love—May we ne'er want a Friend—The Death of the Smuggler*, and *The Bay of Biscay*, will remain lasting testimonials of his genius. He was a pupil of the celebrated **JACKSON** of Exeter. His last hours were embittered by the acuteness of poverty. Such, alas! is too often the fate of exalted genius.

Where is the heart so dead to feeling's power,
That throbs not at departing talent's hour?
When the pure flame that warm'd the glowing mind
Is quench'd in dusky death, yet leaves behind
Those sparks of genius, that can never die,
So long as music breathes affection's sigh;
Which, like the embers of the Phœnix bright,
Shall burn for ages with increasing light.
Rest, sufferer!—rest!—thy pilgrimage is o'er;
Want, woe, disease, afflict thy frame no more.

Freed are the heartless horde, whose timely aid

Might smooth thy wane of life altho' decay'd.

Oh! heav'n-born genius, why thus doom'd to feel

The "*blights of misery*" o'er each hour to steal?

To kill the cherish'd hopes of youth's gay bloom,

Nor leave its victim till he seeks the tomb:

Last of thy kindred!—desolate and lone,
With grief I heard life's feebly parting moan;

And shall no heart to friendship, feeling dear,

Embalm thy memory with affection's tear?

Yes! every one that worship's genius shrine

Shall mourn such hapless destiny as thine!

D. A. O'M.

A trifling error—A gentleman waiting in the anti-chamber at the Exeter Concert Room on Thursday last, enquired of the attendant what was the nature of the performances, adding, that he supposed they were *miscellaneous*; to which the other immediately replied—No, sir, I don't think *she* is here; but there's Miss **HOLDAWAY** and Miss **GEORGE**, and several other excellent singers—*Taunton Courier*.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



MR. MATHEWS in his Various CHARACTERS.
in
"A Trip to America?"